Volume LXI CHICAGO, JUNE 4, 1908 Number 14

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

PUBLISH THE BOOK.

May 25, 1908.

My dear Unity:

Let me express my approval of the suggestion in the latest number of "Unity" regarding David Swing's biography now publishing in your paper. By all means should these interesting chapters be put into permanent book form. I gladly promise my subscription for one or two copies. I have filed away each number as a safeguard, thinking the articles might not be collected and issued as a whole.

I knew Professor Swing, meeting him through our mutual friend, Lawrence Barrett. We were to exchange pulpits, but the plan fell through owing to some circumstances I do not recall. Swing is evidently portrayed by Mr. Newton not only with affection, but with accuracy and good estimate. His character and career are a fruitful study. Even those who did not have his acquaintance and friendship will be well repaid in tracing his unique life.

Cordially yours,

EDWARD A. HORTON.

Unitarian Sunday School Society,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1908 NUMBER 14

THE REFORMER.

Before the monstrous wrong he sets him down—
One man against a stone-walled city of sin.
For centuries those walls have been a building;
Smooth porphyry, they slope and coldly glass
The flying storm, the wheeling sun. No chink,
No crevice lets the thinnest arrow in.
He fights alone, and from the cloudy ramparts
A thousand evil faces gibe and jeer him.
Let him lie down and die! What is the right,
And where is justice in a world like this?
But, by and by, earth shakes herself impatient;
And down, in one great roar of ruin, crash
Watch-tower and citadel and battlements.
When the red dust has cleared, the lonely soldier
Stands with strange thoughts beneath the friendly stars.

—E. R. Sill.

Nineteen bishops, three deans and two cannons, besides twenty-one heads and leaders of other churches, according to the *Christian Life,* have joined in a call for the observance of a Peace Sunday in England. Let other representatives of religious organizations in other parts of the world go and do likewise.

UNITY has never dared indulge in a "Humor Column"; to maintain it is such serious business, and to read it is oftentimes such sombre duty. But we venture to borrow from the *Woman's Journal* the following pleasantry:

"O, Mr. Saloon-keeper, your sign's fallin' down!" said a little boy to the rum-seller. The saloon-keeper hurried out, and the boy pointed to a drunken man who had fallen over. When last seen the boy was two rods ahead of the saloon-keeper.

UNITY joins with the friends of scholarship and progressive thought in religion everywhere in mourning the sudden and premature death of Prof. Jean Réville. He was one of the younger generation of French scholars who was lending high service to the cause of religion by showing that the ways of reason are also the ways of faith, and that clear head, honored and exercised, is a priceless ally to the loving heart. An unsuccessful hospital operation ended the noble life at fifty-three. Last September Professor Réville and the Senior Editor of UNITY were seated side by side at the great banquet of the International Congress at Boston, and they talked of the possibilities of another world parliament of religion as a successor to that held in Chicago in 1893. They wondered if the next parliament might not be held within the boundaries of Islam. Certain liberal, progressive Mohammedans, with whom Professor Réville enjoyed acquaintance, were discussed as possible initiators and hosts of the movement, and the French scholar indicated his intention to look into the matter. The world-inclusive sympathies and the far-reaching plans have been thwarted by death, but the inclusiveness and the plans related thereto are deathless. The color-bearer has fallen, but the flag will be seized by other hands and borne forward. We hope to give UNITY readers further information concerning the life and work of this man as it reaches our exchange table.

The "first gun" of the great medical congress, being held in Chicago this week, was fired last Sunday night at the Washington hall. Dr. Mason, of Brooklyn, vice president of the society for the study of inebriety, alcohol and drug neurosis, said:

"Our Chief Executive talks of race suicide; why does he not dwell upon the psychical, physical and mental death, the living death of the drunkard? College professors are worrying about the exhaustion of the fuel supply. They would do well to contemplate the outlook for the exhaustion of brain supply. . . . Paternalism in government is a good thing, but the paternalism that licenses the saloon is doing more harm than can ever be retrieved by what good it may accomplish."

Dr. T. D. Crothers, another national authority, said:

"Only a few years ago it was thought that alcohol had some food and power value, but the scientist now says: 'We have reached a point where this can be disproved. . . . Science proves that alcohol is a paralyzer instead of a stimulant.'"

The doctor compared the moderate drinker to the

"Continuous hammering of an iron bar, resulting in disintegration of the particles. He keeps pounding his brain and constitution until he becomes a wreck. Modern science tells us that the saloon is a relic of barbarism. Today we use alcohol to drink; tomorrow we will use it only as a source of light, heat and power."

There was more testimony of the kind, and these men are physicians, not preachers; scientists, not moralists. Science is not subject to "waves." The laboratory is not sustained by "excitements." Let voters take note.

The recent election of bishops by the Methodists shows that this church is still enamored of oratory. It honors its pulpiteers. The newly elected Bishops McIntyre, Quayle and Bristol won a large part of their eminence in Chicago pulpits, and their power lay chiefly in their ability to draw and to hold audiences. Frank Bristol knows his Shakespeare well; our neighbor, Quayle, is familiar with his Tennyson and knows how to use him, and McIntyre's stories often contain bricks which are manipulated by a man who has not forgotten how to use his trowel or where to put the mortar. The prudential and sagacious business men in the Methodist ranks will doubtless sigh over the fact that neither of these three, we cannot speak of the others, has displayed great executive ability or developed administrative fame. But why should they? The Methodist church is rich in men who can attend to its business. Methodism has grown great in the delivery of the message, and it will thrive

in the future as in the past by the power of its deliverances. We are glad of this fresh evidence of the worth and value and power of preaching. The change of the titles of the Presiding Elder to that of District Superintendent is an ominous sign that even the Methodists are yielding to the commercial pressure in religious affairs. Let the preachers' tasks be glorified. The laymen who are looking for a preacher to do their work for them are very likely to stay at home when they find such an one.

June is getting to be more and more the month of the graduate. Dr. Henry VanDyke, in a recent address before the graduating class of the Louisiana State University, gave some instructive figures. He estimated that there were in this country some 675 universities, colleges and technical schools, representing an investment of $550,000,000; 25,000 professors teaching 270,000 young men and women, with an annual output of twenty-five to thirty thousand graduates. Surely a most inspiring crop, the harvesting of which suggests most delightful festivals. The influence of a more scientific pedagogy, the wisdom of clear-headed educators, is made very manifest in the growth of sanity and modesty concerning graduation exercises. The costly dresses and the florid addresses are steadily and surely being eliminated from the better institutions of learning. The one because it is too exhaustive to the purse; the other too exhaustive to the nerves, coming at a time when the student's mind should be engaged with the last things that ought to be done and well done on educational and cultural sides. Nothing is more unacademic and vulgar than the costly parade of dress and otherwise at the occasions which ought to be filled with tenderness, a sweet pathos and a high religiousness. It is interesting to see how the cap and gown, which once was adopted and still in many cases preserved as a class distinction, is now being adopted in many places on account of its service to democracy. Purse distinctions fade under the gown and the cap. This common garb conceals alike the gorgeous silk and faded calico. For this reason, Superintendent Armstrong, of the Englewood High School, and perhaps others, has prevailed upon the graduating class this year to appear in cap and gown, at a maximum cost of $1.50 each, in order to suppress that vicious ambition to "display personality," which too often means a display of the depth of the father's purse, the shallowness of the mother's brain and the influence of the dressmaker and milliner.

To but few readers of UNITY will the name of "Frederic May Holland" awaken tender memories, but the tidings of his death in his home at Concord on the 17th ult. will touch with peculiar tenderness and loving emotions some members of the old guard who in the later '60s and earlier '70s came under his gentle ministry at Rockford, Illinois, and Baraboo, Wisconsin. Mr. Holland always represented a minimum of flesh and a maximum of mind. The ties that bound him to earth were ever attenuated, and still he lived into the seventy-second year by virtue of the tender care of his loving wife, the serenity of his own temper and the wisdom by which he accepted his limitation; always a student and lover of poetry, a stoic in disposition and perhaps in conviction. He printed but little, but what he did was rare. The list of his publications as given by the *Christian Register* is as follows: "The Reign of the Stoics," "Stories from Robert Browning," "The Rise of Intellectual Liberty, from Thales to Copernicus," and "The Life of Frederic Douglass." Not a long list, certainly not a conquering list. His reading audience, as his speaking audience, must necessarily have been limited, but his writings represent the beaten oil from a careful student's laboratory. He was gentle as he was frail, sincere as he was shy, but persistent and independent in spirit. Had nature given him a body, he would have been a leader and might have been a fighter. As it was, he belongs in the gentle category of saints, a dreamer but no sleeper. It is many, many years since the editor of UNITY was taken by him for a row on Concord river. His little boat was light and frail; the dip of his oars made scarcely a ripple; his pull was feeble, but it was a fitting speed in a fitting place, with most fitting surroundings. Surely, no other place in America could have given to Frederic May Holland so suitable a home as Concord. One more of the followers of the light has gone from that home of light-seekers and light-bearers.

The *Homiletic Review* for June contains a suggestive article on "The Observance of Children's Day," by Dr. Farrar, of Brooklyn. The writer thus fixes the origin of the beautiful festival: "So far as we can learn, the day was first set apart for the children in 1857 by the Universalist church of Chelsea, Mass." We are further informed that in 1867 the Universalist National Convention recommended the general observance of the day. The next year, 1868, the general Methodist conference did the same. The Presbyterians in 1883 followed with a similar resolution; in 1887 the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America took a similar step. Obviously, the original purpose of these founders was to bring the children into the church that they might be duly impressed with its solemnity and its beauty, and that the older attendants might be touched with a sense of the sacramental sanctity of childhood. But, yielding to the perverse tendency of the modern church to differentiate and divide, to dissect and analyze, there are indications that already the habit has become confirmed of turning the church over to the children, and in attempting to make the worship child-like there is danger of making it childish. The good doctor in this article does not seem to apprehend this danger, but commends approvingly committees on music, on rehearsals, on decorations, for which small trees, sing-

ing birds in decorated cages, flags, bunting, a small fountain, as well as flowers are recommended. A "committee on restraint" is also suggested, the duty of which will be to "gently restrain the minister, superintendent and visiting brethren from making extended impromptu addresses." Many of these suggestions are admirable, but most of them indeed had better be standing committees. The church service should be made more beautiful; the children's service should be made more impressive. A worship that is brought down to the child's conception and understanding is not the service that ministers most effectively to the child's nature. This article has further suggestions for the young men and women's evening service on Children's Day. There are grave reasons for distrusting the religious value of "young people's meetings" and organizations in toto because of the inevitable tendency to emphasize the age line. *Drawing* young people into that service implies unintentionally the *withdrawing* of them from those services which should know no age limit. The young people's triumph is of doubtful value. They need the old people in their religious life quite as much as the old people need them.

A National "Holy" Day

There are indications that the sanctities of Decoration Day are winning their way over the frivolities and desecrations which a few years ago, in our large cities at least, threatened to denude the day of its original significance. In the time of the bicycle craze, Decoration Day was seized upon as the time for great races, "century runs" and the like. Later, tennis and golf tournaments and special automobile dissipations threatened the day. Judging by the observation within sight last week, there was a wholesome return to the religious and memorial character of the observance. The rapid contraction of the veteran line has shortened the parade, and the number of rheumatic old soldiers who have to ride is obviously on the increase. But the line of school children is lengthening and their part in the program is fittingly increased.

The desecration of the sanctities of Decoration Day by flippant pleasure-seekers and the irrepressible lover of games, is to be regretted and so far as possible repressed. Symbolism is as essential to patriotism as it is to piety; it has economic as well as ethical value, and no symbolism can be more fitting, no ceremony more impressive than the laying of flowers, bloodless symbols, on the graves of those who wrought out the bloody redemption.

The first suggestion of the day and the first material that presents itself to the hands of the orator is that of courage. Stories of valor are in order, and it is natural that the old soldier should

> "Shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won."

But heroism is a common if not an universal attribute of human nature. No cause was ever symbolized by a flag but what there were men found willing to defend it unto the death. Human nature is made of plucky stuff, and he shows little acquaintance with the psychology of the human soul or the testimony of human history who expects to scare the nations into peace. The logic that would advance the pacification of the world by increasing the armament of the world is as untrue to the experience of the individual as to the history of the race, which, if it proves anything, proves that wars have increased in bloodiness, cost and fortitude with the increase of armament. Not by multiplying battle ships or strengthening fortifications, but by humanizing laws, conducting commerce with growing equity and by valiantly defending the rights of the lowly and the interests of the weak are we to secure peace within our borders and throughout the world.

The increasing emphasis of Decoration Day oratory is to be placed upon the tender side of the great war for the Union, the magnanimity of its leaders and the pathetic identity of interests, the inevitable fraternity of spirit, that belong to contending armies. Each member of the George Meade Post of the G. A. R. of Chicago, who worshiped at the Abraham Lincoln Centre last Sunday, was decorated with a jasmine blossom from Southland which was furnished by the Chicago Chapter of the "Daughters of the Confederacy" —truly more than an olive branch of peace by means of which these young ladies who, while loyal to the spirit of their fathers, were anxious to heal the wounds and bridge with love the chasm once dug by hate. It was more than a delicate indication of good will towards soldier and institution; it was a prophecy of the further identification of interest and purpose.

At the great memorial meeting held under the auspices of the Down Town Sunday Club at Orchestra hall, in Chicago, last Sunday evening, the main floor of the splendid auditorium was almost wholly given over to the "Old Boys," who, well clothed, well groomed, and in their right minds, testified by their presence and their appreciation that they were the remnants of an army that were citizens before they were soldiers, and, still better, citizens after they were soldiers. The speaker of the occasion, the editor of UNITY, remembered that the venerable commander-in-chief of the Confederate veterans was then lying in state, having reported to the last roll call because during the week just passed he had over-strained his vitality and hastened his death by bidding welcome to the representatives of the Union army from Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, who met him on the old battle fields where forty-five years ago they met in deadly canonade and desperate charge.

It was the magnanimity of Grant at Vicksburg and Appomattox, the post-bellum triumphs of Robert E. Lee in rehabilitating the dismantled school that is now fittingly called the Washington and Lee University, which mark the most distinctive characteristics of the lamentable contest. And it is these qualities that are most worthy and most difficult of emulation. For

history proves that it is much easier to die bravely for a cause than to live true to a principle. Many a man has distinguished himself with the bayonet who has disgraced himself with the ballot. No military achievement can atone for post-bellum disgraces on the stump, at the ballot-box or in legislative halls.

The Old Guard has served its time; its members are being rapidly retired. The nation is being entrusted into the hands of the second relief. The supreme interest on Decoration Day, as on every other day in the year, should be centered upon the *young* voter rather than upon the *old* soldier.

The Epic of Man

(Written for the Forty-first Annual Festival of the Free Religious Association of America, Boston, May 29, 1908.)

BY JAMES H. WEST.

II.

The beauty of the world still glows
As when the eye first caught the rose.
Nay! fairer is the beauty now,
Since human hands have held the plow.

Across the heavens the spectral arch
Beheld by Aryans on their march
Is wonderful no less today
Than in the primal epochs. Nay,
A hundredfold its grace has grown
Since man its cause has seen and shown.

The whip of fire which lashed the skies
And scourged with terror ancient eyes,
Today is man's most helpful force—
His voice, his arm, his tireless horse.

So magic of the human mind
For man's behoof doth all things bind.
The crab has burst to luscious fruit,
The fangs are stricken from the brute,
The cactus blossoms for his meat,
The desert smiles a garden sweet.

And soul—unfathomed heights of soul
Are yet to brighten, pole to pole!
The ignorance of man shall cease,
The deeper things which bring him peace
Shall spring from out the crudeness now,
And bind sereneness on his brow.

The things which perish shall no longer
In his high purpose be the stronger,
And all that makes for strength and beauty
Shall be with him his happy duty.

VII.

Sing, voices of all birds that trill in June!
Your dear delight
Is symbol of the high ecstatic tune,
The radiance bright,
Which shall encompass Man full soon—full soon!

Shine, rays of myriad suns that gleam on high!
Your glorious flame
Is prophecy of lumined earthly sky,
Known now in name,
And shortly to be made sweet verity!

Rise, human hearts! too long, too long opprest
By forces crude!
The shackles spurn which leave you still unblest
Though born to good,
And after ages' weeping, enter rest!

What is threatened today is moral liberty, conscience, respect for the soul, the very nobility of man. To defend the soul, its interests, its rights, its dignity, is the most pressing duty for whoever sees the danger.

THE PULPIT

The Tendency of Positive Religions to Universal Religion

BY PROFESSOR OTTO PFLEIDERER, UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, GERMANY.*

I

Until the middle of the eighteenth century it was generally believed that the history of religion began with the knowledge and worship of the one true God, Creator of heaven and earth, and that the many false or heathen religions arose later through apostasy and deterioration from this original faith. For the Church this belief was grounded and established upon the early Biblical narratives, according to which God revealed himself to our first ancestors in paradise and then again to Noah, the father of all who survived the deluge. But even in the rationalistic circles of the so-called *Illuminati,* whose rise dates from the seventeenth century, and which traced the origin of religion not to a positive, primitive revelation, but to the innate human reason, it was at first considered self-evident that the original religion of humanity could have been no other than that monotheistic faith, which alone can satisfy the universal reason of man. The origin of the many different heathen religions was explained as the result of human caprice and perverseness, and especially the deception of selfish priests, by which the truth once known and accepted was distorted and corrupted.

The philosopher and historian, David Hume, with his keen intellect, was the first to see that this theory is pure fiction and utterly unhistorical. He distinguishes between the basis of true religion, which is certainly the reason, and the origin of the actual religions of the peoples, which must be sought on the irrational side of human nature, especially in the feelings of fear and hope and in fantasies of the imagination, which invented beings like unto men as the efficient causes of those natural events and phenomena whose real causes were unknown. Therefore, the primitive religion was not monotheism, but polytheism and animism, or the belief in spirits, as the earliest historic reminiscences of mankind everywhere bear witness. Only later on did monotheism develop out of polytheism, and even then not by means of the rational observation of the order of nature, but owing to irrational motives, such as national vanity, which may have led one people to declare its god to be the highest and finally the only God, or to interested devotion, which led to the adulation of an especially beloved divinity in higher and higher terms, until infinity and eternity became his predicates and attributes. So it happened that ordinary fear and adulation accidentally led to the same result as reason and philosophy; namely, monotheism. But, even when this result had anywhere been attained, human nature proved too weak to adhere to it permanently. Man's imagination and his need of communion made him yearn for nearer and more approachable gods, to mediate between the supreme God and the world. In practical life the importance of these mediatory beings soon surpassed that of the highest God. Thus the whole history of religion oscillates between the movement toward monotheism and the tendency towards polytheism. It is a purposeless play of irrational motives, whose results only accidentally and temporarily coincide with the demands of reason. According to this theory, reason is wholly without influence in the real history of religion, al-

*Address at Fourth International Congress at Boston, 1907.

though, according to Hume's own premise, she is the basis of true religion.

This theory is undoubtedly interesting. It is equally significant for its keen insight into the empirical reality of the historical religions, in which the irrational undeniably plays a great rôle, as well as for its lack of understanding of the inworking and coöperation of reason in the purposive development of the religions upon which their growing content of truth and real value rests. Hume has the merit of having set up, for the philosophy of religion as well as for epistemology, the problem of reconciliation of rationalism and empiricism. German philosophy, since Leibnitz, has been at work on the solution of this problem.

According to Leibnitz, the positive historical religions are related to the rational kernel of religion, just as accidental, empirical truths in general are related to the necessary and eternal truths of reason. As the latter virtually exist unconsciously in our souls from the beginning, but are called into conscious existence only through and by means of our experience, so the idea of God as the perfect being is not innate in the mind as a complete cognition or clear perception, but as an unconscious tendency, which becomes conscious of itself in the experience of the positive religions, which are related to the religion of reason not, as the English and French *illuminati* thought, as contrast or contradiction, but as the necessary preparatory stages and the essential means to the realization of the latter. As the confused mental presentations of actual experience furnish the material out of which the clear perceptions of reason must be developed, so the presentative forms of faith and the ceremonies of the positive religions must serve as the means for raising the mind to the knowledge of the religion of reason. Herein lies their historical justification and necessity, and also their limitation and relativity. Out of this view a new problem arises for the philosophy of religion; namely, to comprehend the positive religions historically, as relatively true stages in the development of the rational religion which lies concealed in them, and can only realize itself through them, instead of, as heretofore, criticising them and measuring them by our preconceived idea of the religion of reason, only to condemn them.

Lessing and Herder proceeded still further in this direction. Lessing viewed the history of religion as a gradual and continually progressive education of the human race by divine revelation, which adapted and accommodated itself to the gradual growth of man's powers of comprehension; that is to say, passed through a process of evolution in which every stage contained truth commingled with error. This, also, holds true of Biblical religion; for, according to Lessing, the Old and the New Testaments are simply two primers of the divine pedagogics, for the elementary instruction of the race. They both contain valuable truths, but these need to be developed into the universal truths of reason, if they are to be of service or benefit to mankind. Out of a Biblical religion, founded upon accidental historical truths and such heteronymous motives as the fear of punishment and the hope of reward, Lessing expected the development of an external gospel of human perfection, in which the good should be loved and done for its own sake. Lessing did not identify the Biblical Christianity of the Church with the universal religion of reason, but considered it simply as the highest stage in the evolution towards this ideal goal. Generally speaking, he has also succeeded in bringing out the value of the *two* sides of the conception of the relative truth and the temporary stage of an historical evolution with a juster sense of proportion and with less partisan feeling than many who have come after him.

Herder's strength lay in his broad sympathy, which enabled him to catch the accents of the spirit under the most diverse forms, from the hymns of the nature religions to the lyrics of the prophets and the psalm singers of Israel and on to the gospel of Jesus. For him Christianity was not only the highest but also the perfect religion, and identical with the universal religion of humanity. The small residue of positive doctrine which could not be resolved into universal religion he calmly ignored as of no consequence.

Kant, on the contrary, carrying his critical method into the domain of religion, emphasized the contrast between the ideal of his ethical religion of reason and the positive statutory religion so strangely that the worth of the pre-Christian and non-Christian religions remained altogether doubtful. He would almost place them in the category of religious delusion and superstition. Only to Christianity did he attribute real moral value, and he endeavored to interpret its chief dogmas in the terms of his ethical idealism. Nevertheless, he would have us distinguish clearly between the positive ecclesiastical religion, established by accidental statutory power, and the one universally valid faith for pure reason. These, however, are not mutually contradictory, for the one is contained in the other in germ or principle, and therefore even the accidental statutory forms of every positive ecclesiastical faith possess a relative right and worth just in so far as they are utilized as serviceable and expedient means for the furtherance and development of the ethical religion of reason, as means which will become superfluous in time, and may eventually be entirely dropped. Yet Kant leaves us in doubt whether the positive ecclesiastical religions will ever pass over entirely into the universal religion of reason or not. The only thing that seemed essential to him was that the ideal of the universal religion of reason should remain the regulative principle for the interpretation and the further development of the positive ecclesiastical faith.

The irrationalism of romanticism, on the contrary, would have nothing to do with any universal religion of reason, not even in the Kantian sense of a simply regulative ideal.

Schleiermacher declared that, since religion is the feeling excited or aroused in the individual by the Whole, there can be none but positive religions, of which there must be indefinitely many, as many as there are peculiarly impressed or influenced individuals. That which they hold in common is of secondary importance, small in extent and of constantly changing dimensions, and rests solely upon the accidental affinities of souls pitched in the same key. In this view the distinction between true and false also disappears, since every religion is true just in so far as it has been felt and experienced as a fact of consciousness. But every religion must acknowledge the equal validity of an infinite number of other religions besides itself, just because they also have been as really experienced as facts of feeling.

From the origin of religion in irrational feeling, Hume has drawn the pessimistic conclusion that all religions are equally false. From the same premise, romanticism drew the optimistic conclusion that all are equally true. This judgment was very soon reversed in favor of the pessimistic side in Feuerbach's pathological theory of religion. This was quite natural, for on the purely empirical ground of irrational emotional experience we are left without any criterion for the

objective determination of the truth and value of the psychological facts which are given. Nor can we speak here of the evolutionary stages and relativity of religious truth, because this, too, would require some universal principle or ideal to serve as a standard of values for the measurement of the separate phenomena.

Thus this purely positivistic empiricism proved itself as incapable of a true understanding of the history of religion as the rationalism of the *illuminati,* which was based upon pure abstractions drawn from the facts of experience.

Leibnitz and Lessing hit the golden mean between these two extremes. They beheld in the positive religions the forms and the means for the development of the universal religion of reason. On this path, which they were the first to tread, Hegel has traveled further.

He took up the same method and carried it through to its logical consequences. Like Hume, Hegel also distinguished between the essential foundations of religion in reason and its actual beginnings in history. Hegel felt just as sure as Hume that the primitive religion was not the religion of reason, but its very opposite. But, while Hume saw nothing in the actual history of religion but the accidental and irrational play of human passion and factions, Hegel was convinced that, in spite of the irrationality of isolated facts and appearances, that which is reasonable is also the actual in history, taken as a whole; that is to say, reason is the operative and regulative principle of the evolution from the unreason of nature to the reasonableness of the spirit. Just as he interpreted history in general as the process or method of the self-realization of the spirit, out of and by means of the natural, so he considered the history of religion as the process of the evolution of the religious consciousness, through which and in which the human spirit gradually becomes conscious of its essential relationship and oneness, as his divine spirit; or briefly as he gradually elevates from the humanity of nature to a divine humanity. The evolutionary stages in this process are the positive religions, in which the religious consciousness expresses itself in a manifold variety of forms, differentiated according to different peoples and times. Christianity Hegel considered as the absolute religion, because in it humanity had arrived at the consciousness of its true relation to God. But even within Christianity itself this evolution must be continued, because even here the truth, though present in principle, is nevertheless still veiled or concealed under the symbolical forms of the ecclesiastical dogmas and cult. Thus, according to Hegel as well as Lessing and Kant, it becomes the task of the philosophy of religion to interpret the ecclesiastical articles of faith in such a way that the content of truth which they contain and conceal may be brought clearly into consciousness. The positive ecclesiastical forms are not an end in themselves, they are not truth itself, but they are the means which subserve the continually progressive evolution of the truth. The universal truth of reason is the ideal and the regulative principle for the criticism and treatment of the accidental historical forms, which *per se* can have only limited validity.

Since Hegel's time our knowledge of the history of religion and the materials for such a science have increased so considerably that the details of his philosophy of religion may be considered as antiquated. But it does not follow by any means that the idea of developments—which, like a scarlet thread, runs through the whole of German philosophy since Leibnitz,—must be given up. On the contrary, it seems to me that the more massive this historical material grows and the more difficult it becomes to orient ourselves in this labyrinth of infinitely manifold details and introduce order into this chaos, the more urgent becomes our need of the Ariadne's thread of a reasonable teleology. But, of course, the peculiar form which the idea of development has assumed in the dialectic method of Hegel has now been given up entirely: his construction of history as the logical dialectics of ideas changing into their antithesis is rightly considered nowadays as an arbitrary violation of actual history; but it does not therefore follow that we should not look for any rational development in history, but simply that we must understand more clearly, that we must observe the real factors and impelling forces of this evolution more closely than was the case in speculative idealism. In the same way the old nature philosophy of Schelling has had to give way to the exact sciences, but its central thought of development has triumphantly come to its own in Darwin's theory of descent, though in a new form more consonant with and adequate to the facts, in so far as real vital forces and their struggle for existence has stepped into the place of the logical categories. If we apply this analogy in the observation and study of the history of the spiritual life of man, and especially to religion, we will not conceive of the development of religion as a simple, straightforward progress in reasonable ideas, but as a constant interworking of universal and particular ideas, of rational and irrational tendencies, in which the latter by no means act simply as hindrances or impediments, but also serve as means for the deepening of the religious life, and furnish the impulse to new and higher progress. This view enables us to do justice to the facts of religious history which the sceptic Hume pointed out so energetically, and at the same time to hold fast to the optimistic evolutionism which has been the soul of German philosophy since Leibnitz and which has been the condition and ground of its attitude towards the positive ecclesiastical forms of religion—an attitude which has been one of freedom and at the same time of a discreet and sober conservatism and a broad-minded, wide-hearted tolerance.

(To be continued.)

Wood-Wind

Hither, Wood-wind, lend thy lips
Where this mountain brooklet slips
Under alder, buckeye, bay,
Oaken bough and willow spray;
Lend thy lips, and let the tone
Be like fairy bugles blown,
Fairy bugles blown afar
In the Land of Evening Star.

Hither, Wood-wind, touch thy tongue
To the flutes with garlands hung;
There are notes that only thou
Canst awake from branch and bough,
Notes that Pan with piping sweet
Charms Terpsichore's light feet,
Or the softer notes that dwell
Deep in Orpheus' golden shell.

Hither, Wood-wind, horns are here,
Elfin horns to woodmen dear,
Hanging at the ivory door
Of each spreading sycamore;
Breathe upon these alder boughs
And thy gentle strains shall rouse
Dreams that in hushed valleys dwell
Crowned with wreaths of asphodel.

—Clarence Urmy.

David Swing, Poet-Preacher

BY REV. JOSEPH NEWTON.

CHAPTER X.

THE THEOLOGIAN.

It is perhaps quite impossible to eradicate the belief that Emerson had no scheme of thought, but was only a maker of maxims stringing gems on the thread of an exquisite literary style. Swing suffered from a similar glib and hasty estimate. At the time of his death, *The Dial* remarked: "His mental processes remotely suggest those of Emerson, and in his sermons, dogmas, which most theologians offer to their public in solid lumps, had gone completely into solution. It was his instinct rather than his logical faculty that placed him in the van of religious thought, for he was more of a rhetorician than a thinker." It has been so always, and there is no help for it. Men who embower their thought, as Swing did, do not receive their due meed of honor as thinkers.

As a fact, David Swing was one of the wisest and most careful thinkers of his day, and one of the most suggestive. He weighed the imponderable propositions of theology with judicial care, and often, as one has truly said, with the whole statement before him, carefully written out, he paused and seemed to brood wistfully, hesitating to handle truth which had cost so much and was so dear. Such a man could not flippantly disparage theology, as the manner of some is, though he knew its systems to their remotest crannies. "To attempt to separate Christianity from its own announced doctrines," he said, "is as pitiable a weakness as it would be to invite engineers to bridge a vast river by emotional action, wholly separate from any creed of mechanics." The flowers of his own thought toiled not, neither did they spin, and their rich colors often hid the solid structure of his faith. Gradually, however, the outlines of his scheme appear and are quite easily traced, revealing the cast of his mind and the personal equasion of his thought. He was, it need hardly be said, far from orthodoxy on some points, and one doubts the likelihood of his signing any but the slightest creed or confession. But he had always the orthodoxy of the heart, he was always reverent and religious, he was always true to life and close to life.

Indeed, the whole tendency of his thought, like the burden of his message, was an appeal from speculation to experience. His criterion of truth, as set forth in his early sermon on "Christianity and Dogma," was life. The best way to study theology, he held, is to pass outside of the little systems built by the fathers and see it as it lies confirmed or rejected—that is, by its fruits—in the life of humanity. Hence his habit of identifying all higher literature, having any spiritual import, with theology, as when he spoke of the "gospel of Browning," of Ruskin, of Emerson. Hence, also, in his noble sermon on "Charles Sumner," he spoke of the "gospel of nations," at whose altar Penn, Burke and Lincoln were ministers; the spiritual meaning of the state. So, again, in many sermons, he was wont to trace truths hitherto held to be distinctively church truths out into the highways and by-paths of human life, and find them toiling under other names. The interpreter of "The Greater Side of Things," that which estimates the value and verity of religion as it stands in the service of life, is Reason. But by Reason Professor Swing meant more than a single faculty, more than logic, more than the argumentative power. Reason, in his use, summed up all the resources of man and was the ineffable distillation of all the faculties, having moral as well as rational elements. And this exposition of the meaning of life he called Common Sense.

Our task here is not to argue with Professor Swing, but to state the basis of his thought and faith. To those who said that there are truths, like the Trinity, which are incapable of experience, he replied that such truths, if such there be, belong to the religion of fact, and that the very fact that they are beyond the ken of man shows that they are of no use at all. He used this method, like another Occam's razor, to prune the theology of his day and cut away what he deemed useless dogmas. Thus: "The Trinity, as formally stated, cannot be experienced. It is not conceivable that any one will pretend to have experienced three persons as being one person, the same in substance. This truth, or alleged truth, therefore, belongs to a simple religion of fact. It is not the doctrine of the Trinity that moulds the life of man, but the doctrine of God." This was his way of leaving speculative divinity to float away like a cloud-castle in the air. Philosophy, as the art of living according to reason, he loved, and his pages are full of it. But as a theory of ultimate reality he held each system to be a vain effort of man to add a cubit to his stature. His sole concern was with that truth in the Bible, and most of all in the life of Jesus, which can be reproduced in the life of man in every age.

No intuitionalist have we here. Intuition, which can give no account of itself, which rises up out of the mystic depth of religious feeling, Swing, like Stuart Mill, regarded as—

> "A dark lantern of the spirit,
> Which none see but those who bear it."

It has so often made faith a trick of preference or taste, he pointed out in a sermon on "Emotion and Evidence," has been made to sanction so many freakish philosophies, so many absurd infallibilities, that it is discredited. Only on the basis of a large and tender reason can the temple of faith be rebuilt, and by using blocks hewn by many hands. Human and imperfect it is bound to be, but it will outlast us if we be in any sense true workmen. Let us not beg the question by saying, *a priori,* what we feel or fancy truth ought to be—that were weak and childish. The facts of life gathered from the wide field of the actual must go, *a posteriori,* into the making of any faith in which men can find peace. So, in discussing "Reason and Intuition," he said:

> "It is more probable that the reasoning powers compose the only real basis of faith, and that as man has not evolved his agriculture and geometry from his intuitions, so not from his intuitions have come or can come his belief in God. . . . It will be necessary to pity religion when it shall say that the proof of a God is very defective, and that man must flee reason and go to him with his heart. . . . Reason has made great errors, but it has been the universal guide of humanity from Socrates to Spencer. That reason cannot attain to a perfect demonstration does not imply the existence of some other path to faith; for the way to God without reason will need a reason to support it. That man sees God intuitively will need proof. Thus, the part which reason plays in religion is central, vast and unavoidable. . . . To say, 'I know it because I feel it,' is safe when some pure-minded Emerson or Tauler utters the thought, but when Rousseau asked his heart to define society, marriage and home, he reached something worse than the occasional doubt of a deist. . . . All the eccentric cults of history represent aberrations of the individual, based upon nothing more than an *ipse dixit.* The philosophy that I am conscious of God is only a philosophy of egotism, and if your friend says, 'I am not conscious of a God,' that ends the circle of thought and duty, and his atheism is as valid as your theism. The appeal to intuition is thus a two-edged sword. . . . Conscience herself has never known right from wrong until Reason has brought her the verdict. Not being demonstrative, Reason permits some thinkers to doubt, but the doubters are few. Though the shallow may wrangle, the wisest always con-

cur at the end in the same great and profound truths, and this ultimatum of reason is the religion of the reasonable. If this were not true we could not hope to win the doubter to faith on a basis of intuition, for such a faith is not transferrable, it is not missionary. It cannot, like Euclid, assail the far-off ages and make a highway of common belief and peace. Pure reason is indeed often a failure, but it fails not because God must be seen intuitively or because reason is inadequate, but because reason fails everywhere unless it works by love."

Deep and genuine was his faith in God, which found voice in many a rich-toned sermon. It was much more than the sentimental awe which usually passes for this faith, but which is neither faith nor unfaith, but a kind of stimulus which helps men to miss the absence of faith less. No one can read his sermons on this theme without being enlarged and enriched by them, and to listen to them was one of the great inspirations of life. The Lord his God was "A Great God," too great to be a party to our petty warfare of creeds; so great that we dare not ask whether he loves better the robe of the priest or the plain attire of a citizen; so great that St. Peter's cathedral and Westminster Abbey seem like places where the children of religion play around the altar of a God for whom they have no measurement. He held in perfect balance the Old Testament idea of the contrast between God and man, and the New Testament idea of the kinship of man and God, emphasizing the former, perhaps, more than the latter. At least, he did not dissolve the truth of a Divine Father into a confection of sentiment and rose-water mysticism, as so many have done. As to agnosticism, he held, as we have seen, that it was a general reaction from what Arnold called "a blasphemous familiarity with God," extreme unbelief following extreme credulity. Some great minds were smitten mute by a sense of the infinite, but among the masses the agnostic mood was used as a labor-saving device to escape the toil of high thinking—"an intellectual languor fevered over with a craze for enjoyment and the money that will purchase it." Modern studies, he saw, have deeply affected, not the fact of God, but the quality of our idea of God, and have thus been a help and not an injury to faith. Time has shaken the bottle of knowledge, and we are all of nearly one color of ignorance and wisdom, and thus we should be tolerant. But Science has made the universe too vast and too amazing not to have come from God.

In an age when pantheism trailed like a luminous mist over the hills of thought, Swing held firmly to his faith in a personal God. He chanced to read Elisha Mulford's "The Republic of God" on shipboard, and the stately periods of the book seemed to swing in perfect harmony with the great metronome of the deep sea swell. The passage showing that personality is the highest thing we can know seemed to him the longest reach of thought on that theme. The Trinity, in so far as he accepted it at all, was only a symbol of a truth too great for the mind of man, though he cast aside the crude Tritheism which more often marches under that name. In his view the triune manifestation of God was not so much a numerical revelation of His interior nature as an unfolding of His intimate and manifold relation to the human soul. And the fact of the manifestation was to him a truth "holier in usefulness" than its mathematics. His thought as to the relation of God to the material and human world was as lucid as sunlight, as may be seen in such sermons as "A Baptized World" and "An Outpouring God." We read:

"Nature is unable to care for man. The hills in spring or autumn will not speak to us; the flowers are beautiful but heartless. They would as soon decorate man's grave as his cradle. This the student of nature perceives—that while nature has no sympathy for man, while the ocean would as soon drown a child as float a log, yet *through this same nature there beams a solicitude not its own.* The summer does not wish to come; the oranges do not wish to ripen; the air does not wish to change into music. Some mind wishes the fruits to ripen for men, the birds to sing for him, and the great scenes of utility and beauty to pass along before him. The situation of man is peculiar in this, that all the surrounding air pities his misfortunes. Not the air, indeed, but something that works in and through it. . . . What a mass of insensate stuff this globe is. A dirt-ball twenty-five thousand miles in circumference! But it is a baptized world and the lilies of the field sparkle with strange, spiritual dewdrops. The clouds are simply matter, cold bodies of fog. The sunbeams, too, are some form of material; but when these two meet in the west, at sunset, they form a picture which makes the human heart bow in prayer. The violin string and the air are both material, but the string and the air together make music—something much more spiritual than either. The material world shows its alliance with the realm of thought and spirit. . . . Saul seemed to meet with God at the Damascus gate, and thus reads the chronicle; but what was that sudden light which streamed out of some hidden window but the place where a long-continued loving kindness became visible? God did not change and come; Paul changed and saw. In unexpected moments the heart becomes aware of the presence of God and bows in sudden silence while the great form is passing along.

The scholars who recently revised the English Bible removed from many places the term Holy Ghost, but did not rise to the more real truth, that of the outgoing and wandering soul of the Almighty. From fear lest they might disturb the dogma of the Trinity they permitted the term ghost to stand in all its former haunts. Thus a human theology was saved, but a great truth is lost. That old want of the heart, that there should be always help within reach, and which in polytheism made hundreds of gods, was met in Christianity by that Spirit of God which sweeps like a gentle wind over all lands and seas, and is as truly present where a child is playing or a bird is singing as at a battle of Waterloo; as visible where slaves are shouting in a new liberty as where the farmer turns his furrow or the lonely woodman swings his ax. . . . There is only one word in the Greek Testament for spirit, and that is *pneuma*—air, breath, wind. The term in the Greek never implies a rapid wind, much less a storm. The term *animos* stands for the air in rapid motion, but this one word stands for that outgoing air which seems to have something of soul in it. As a wind it blew where it pleased, coming none knew whence, going none knew whither. In the Old Testament it was God moving in the tops of the mulberry trees, the journeying air being a symbol of the ever-present God. Polytheism was thus destroyed by omnipresence. God envelopes us like an atmosphere moving to and fro in our hearts. . . . The Trinity, as held by the old church—that Louvre of religious conceptions—should perhaps never have been formulated, or else should have been esteemed as only one of the poetic figures of religion. *The Holy Spirit is only the personal influence of God.* It is sometimes called the Spirit of Truth, or the Spirit of Wisdom, but call it by any of these names it is only the presence of God, as though the alabaster box of Deity had been broken that its perfume might fall upon a waiting and sorrowing humanity."

Holding this interpretation of God, it is interesting to note his view of miracles. In the olden time men were full of a love of the marvelous, and the amazing was always miraculous. Reacting from this mania for the miraculous, students of science had gone to the other extreme and set up a narrow, low-vaulted, ungracious naturalism, which reminded one of the Kipling version of woman—

"A rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

Swing avoided both of those tangents and walked, as usual, in the middle path—walked upon a globe made of "divine dust," under a sky which was a whispering gallery. His own faith was not founded upon miracle, as that word is ordinarily used, but he insisted that in the empire of uniform cause and effect room must be made for two immense deviations from the iron-like rule—the miracle of Creation and the miracle of Christ. He lived to see "A New Naturalism" and a larger recognition of the "Naturalism in Christianity," in which he rejoiced. His general view of "The Supernatural" may be thus sketched:

"A miracle, in the old sense, was an instance in which an event was supposed to spring up without any attendants. It was a harp playing of its own accord, without a touch of finger or wind; light without a sun, and education without any study—of which wonders earth has many rumors, but the facts of life always come in quite other garb. Such miracles of God would be the ruin of man. . . . When we have passed away from such miracles we have not passed away from God, but have rather come into his grandest empire. Modern faith reposes upon a better conception of God. But we are not to suppose that God has been caught and fettered in a net of his own laws. What has injured the church has been, not its supernatural but its superstition. The supernatural does not interfere with physical laws, but it believes in a God who went before these laws, and who comes after them—a power beyond the falling tower of Siloam and the forms that may be caught in its debris. It believes that what we call natural laws may be in some way transcended to create a Christ, that such a Being is fed by that part of the universe which lies beyond the sciences. That vast unstudied country, whose ways are unknown to our books and wise men, that outer-land which we call the infinite—that mighty fact underlies the idea of miracle and keeps it alive. Call it the supernatural, or the super-physical, or the spiritual, call it by what name you will, faith will not smother if we keep that window open towards the Infinite. It is to religion what expanse is to art and what the measureless is to music. The human soul must have freedom. By a gateway of wonder man came upon this earth; by the same gateway he passes out. The supernaturalism in Jesus is the best wisdom for our life in this world and in the world to come. He is the place where the earth blends with heaven—the line where sea and sky meet. He is the only miracle we need, but our need of him is infinite."

(*To be continued.*)

THE STUDY TABLE

Notes

Here it is, and it is just the thing. Rev. Dr. Carter, in response to my letter in UNITY, calling for a reorganization of the church on a modern basis, sends me his little book, just published by Funk & Wagnalls, entitled, "Wanted, a Theology." He says that he has appealed to his Presbytery against the farther preaching of the scholastic theology. They have done nothing either to punish his heresy or to correct him, neither are they correcting themselves. The church is still ringing with the old stuff believed three thousand years ago, while modern science is ignored. Dr. Carter says that he thinks it to be quite time to suggest what might be substituted for an old outworn creed—a creed that is repelling people rather than winning them. I have read the little book with a dancing joy. I believe with him that the keynote of our new theology is rejoice and be glad. "God is the greatest, nearest, kindest of all beings; religion is the brightest, gladdest of all things." True religion does not teach that man is a fallen being, in need of a saviour hung on a cross. He is in need of the love of God, and he never can get that unless he opens his heart to love his neighbor. God never was alienated from nature, of which man is part. The new theology means bringing God and man together in a frank and joyous co-operation for the good and not the evil, for love and not for hate, for a decent life and the joy that it brings, rather than a paradise for the elect and damnation for the rest. Did any more horrible theology ever find lodgment in a human brain than that which trickles through our orthodox pulpits?

From Chas. Scribner's Sons, I get "Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism"; by Newman Smyth. This is another book right along the same line. We have come to the time when toleration means nonsense. We have all of us, both Catholics and Protestants, got to meet on a higher plane—that of modern science, or as the Pope terms it, Modernism. The trouble with both of the great branches of Christianity is that they are trying to sustain Antientism. A note from Alvin Joiner makes me glad, because there is at least one who is tired of fiddling for union.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have sent me a capital little volume on "The Training of Parents"; by Ernest Hamlin Abbott. The author, who has made first-hand studies in his own family and elsewhere, has given us a book full of common sense. There is a deal to be said on this subject of family life, and a good deal more since the Sunday school and church are supposed to take off a large part of parental responsibility. If I were a young man, and a minister, I would bend every bit of my effort to build up family life and create large unshrinking home responsibility; and I would keep the Sunday school for those who have no fathers or mothers, or less than none.

It is a proud moment when one can lift from his table another book by Elie Metchnikoff. This volume is entitled "The Prolongation of Life." His volume published a few years ago on "The Nature of Man" startled the world with its philosophic conceptions as well as its investigations. This book moves along the same lines, exhibiting to us the same extraordinary powers of coördinating facts to sweeping deductions. He believes in a much longer life for man, which he calls the normal cycle of life. He has great faith in science. He, however, points out the fact that man is not harmonious with nature but the product of an exceedingly long heredity, ending in the putting together of forces which do not coöperate. He recognizes the fact that man is the creature with ideals, but he would not be surprised if Nature failed to transform our ills into good and our disharmonies into harmonies. He does not feel sure that Nature will not finally deal with us as she has with the anthropoid apes. This volume is published in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

E. P. POWELL.

Nature's Elixir

Does sweetest music seem but din,
And as, behind shut door you lie,
The blithe bird's carol spells a dirge,
The oak's glad rustle sounds a sigh?
Shut from thy thought this self-made pall;
Go forth to meadow, wood and glen;
Breath violet's breath; drink Nature's wine,
And all is right again.

You're sure the weary world is sick
And every glozing friend a cheat?
Seem men but beasts and women frauds?
And midst the rush of selfish feet
Each tender bud of life is crushed;
Each hope a grave, with tears bedewed?
Go out and feel the fresh winds kiss,
And find thy youth renewed.

Is life a fight 'twixt chance and fate,
A hopeless puzzle, snarled and sad,
And vexed with multitudinous care
Thy brain seems going mad?
Walk forth beneath the arch of heaven!
Look up above the haunts of men
To where thou seest the bright sky glow—
And all is clear again.

It's not the downward look that sees.
Say not: "Too good it is for truth."
Our human hopes but dream God's facts,
Heaven's love o'ermasters all men's ruth;
Fling wide the windows of the soul
And let the cheerful sunshine in,
Message divine! God's light! God's smile!
To all our doubting kith and kin.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

New York Mayoralty Election Recount.

At last the law has taken its course and a recount of the ballots cast for mayor in New York in 1905 has been ordered. If the ratio of gain shown by the counting of two ballot boxes should be maintained throughout the list it would show that Mr. Hearst was elected mayor by a plurality of about 20,000. The official canvas at the time of the election gave McClellan a plurality of 3,474, but the first two of the 1,946 boxes which were opened show the above ratio of change. If the result of the recount should make Mr. Hearst mayor it would be a peculiar condition of affairs and an interesting revelation of the way some of our Republican institutions are operated.

Jury Decides "Not Guilty."

Former Police Chief Collins and Attorney Comerford were acquitted on the charge of conspiracy to defraud the city, in Judge Chetlaine's court last week. State's Attorney Healy believes that notwithstanding the verdict of acquittal, which apparently was the result of the appeal on the part of the defense to the established custom rather than to the law in the case, the trial will have a wholesome effect on the community and will prevent political assessments in the future and perhaps divorce the police from politics. The trial continued for twenty days and cost the city about $3,000, but if Mr. Healy is right in his prophecy, the investment will yield returns a hundred fold.

Julia Ward Howe at Eighty-nine.

The famous authoress of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and one of the heroic figures of the war period, as well as a noble leader in all recent reform, Julia Ward Howe, celebrated her 89th birthday in Boston on May 28. The writing of the famous hymn followed a visit to the Union lines, which was interrupted by an unexpected attack of the rebel forces. Upon her marriage to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the philanthropist, in 1843, she began conducting with him the "Boston Commonwealth," a strong anti-slavery paper and ever since has been deeply interested in all great reform movements.

Another Automobile Fatality.

Emanuel Cedrino, one of the most famous automobile racers in the country, while going about the course at Pimlico track, near Baltimore, preparing for the great race soon to take place there, was instantly killed by the breaking of one of the wheels and the wrecking of his car. Cedrino was in the machine alone and had been making the mile course in fifty-three seconds when the accident happened. It would seem reasonable to hope that the frequent repetition of such accidents would have some effect in limiting these contests to less hazardous conditions.

Union in South Africa.

Cape Colony, Transvaal, Orange River, with the probable addition of Natal at a later day, are coöperating for a South African federation. Since the granting of the Transvaal constitution the matter has been more generally discussed and recently a meeting of delegates was held in Pretoria which favored the principle of federation. A constitutional convention will soon convene, at which the next step will undoubtedly be taken looking to the union of all the colonies and the solution of the important problems now pressing.

The Sixtieth Congress Adjourns.

A few minutes before midnight May 30th, after passing the currency bill and the bill for the protection of government employes and several other minor measures which had been championed by the President, the Sixtieth Congress adjourned *sine die*. Whatever may be the weakness or the evils of the currency measure as adopted, it would seem to be generally admitted that some action was exceedingly desirable and that probably this was the best that could be accomplished under the circumstances. Many admirers of Senator La Follette seem to fear that he has not helped his own record or served the nation as successfully and effectively in Washington as he did in Wisconsin.

Senator La Follette Holds the Record.

Whatever other achievements may be credited to Senator La Follette at Washington, it is admitted on all hands that he holds the championship belt for continuous speaking in the effort to talk the currency bill to death. Resting only during the roll calls, which were used as frequently as possible, until the Republican leaders hit upon a method of preventing even this relief, Senator La Follette held the floor and continued to talk for eighteen hours. Senator Stone, of Missouri, and Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, cooperated with La Follette in the filibustering method, but by a so-called shrewd trick Senator Aldrich succeeded in overcoming the opposition and the Aldrich-Vreeland bill, which had already passed the House, was adopted by the Senate by a vote of 43 to 22 and later signed by the President.

Plans for Chicago Subway.

A prominent engineer has submitted a plan or scheme for a subway reaching seventy-four feet under the surface of Chicago streets and providing for two levels of passenger tracks and a third level carrying sewers and water mains, and a still lower series of tracks for freight service, instead of the present bore of the Illinois Tunnel Company, which is only forty feet below the surface. The plan is a daring one, but engineers assert it is also practical and certainly seems none too great a provision for the future need of this city.

The Open Door in China.

Mr. G. C. Druce, a former mayor of Oxford, England, who has just come to America from the Orient after an extensive tour of China, Korea and Japan, has given a pessimistic interview to the papers, in which he declares that Japan is preparing to oppose this nation and maintain her supremacy in Manchuria. Undoubtedly there is something of truth in his statements and many problems press for solution, but that there is the least danger of war with this country is absurd; nor is there any more danger that this government will permit the door to be closed or China to be partitioned among the powers.

Former Politician in The Bridewell.

John W. Armstrong was at one time the leading architect of the city; he drew the plans for the city hall, for the county hospital, for the old criminal court building and the landscape plans for Lincoln Park. Recently he was arrested on the charge of fraudulently selling $5,000 worth of bonds, and being unable to obtain a bondsman, at seventy years of age he was committed to jail awaiting an investigation by the grand jury.

C. A. O.

A Voice From the Pews

III

We hear a good deal these days about the power of thought, and some there be who scoff when the reality and efficacy of this force are insisted upon; but the Voice, who believes in the carrying power of thought, can testify to one clear case in proof—though many more might be adduced from personal experiences. The case in point is to be found in part of the beautiful service on the occasion of Wilbur D. Nesbit's preachment to us of recent date, and weaves itself around his exquisite verses entitled "The Good Word," which were read on this occasion by Mr. Kuhns, who so well interpreted the poet's thoughts.

The contention of the poem is that though we may see faults, large or small, in our fellowmen, if we ignore the faults and look for the good we'll surely find it, and that a word of praise from us is far more helpful toward the elimination of these faults than blame. Also, that we are too prone to see the failings and foibles of even those we call friends, and publish them abroad, instead of hiding them as far as possible and shielding our friends.

Now, if the Voice had sent a telegram asking that this particular thought be brought out in the service it could not better have fitted into his thoughts and wishes. The Voice has wished several times that it dared lift itself up and cry aloud over the thoughtlessly unkind comments it has heard among those claiming friendship for the people or projects at times under discussion.

Truly the tongue is an unruly and dangerous member, and needs most constant guarding. We so easily forget our own faults while digging for those in others. We do not have to dig very deep to find weaknesses and faults, but we do, sometimes, need to go pretty

deep to find the heart of a man—but he has one. When mining for the precious ores of the earth we take a pick-axe and dig deep. We do not expect to pick them up on the earth's surface. So, many a person's goodness must be delved for; if we do not, after kindly digging, find anything that seems to us good, we need not mark that person as a "spurious vein," but quietly seek another "claim" and go to digging again. Another miner may drop onto our abandoned claim and find coal or copper if not gold, silver or diamonds. *Something* good is in every human breast.

Not only must we speak no evil of our associates, but we must not even think it. Our thoughts do travel; they have weight; they find lodgment in the mind of our victim, take root in his heart and spring to life and flower and fruitage, and the blossoms will be that of the fragrant lily or the deadly nightshade, as *our* thought of him has been of kindness or hatred.

We repel by thought, or we draw by the same force. We enlarge our own heart and life, and beautify our faces, or we shrivel our heart and mar our countenances, as we love or hate. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he"—is as true today as when first spoken, for the *thought is* the man. And the *face* tells the story of the heart. Each emotion leaves its imprint there—worry, fear, and unkind thoughts, or faith, content, and kind thoughts, publish you to the world. Pleasant thinking is a charming occupation and works its charm equally in the thinker and the beholder. How rare it is to meet in the Chicago maelstrom a face which proclaims "pleasant thinking" and what a benediction that face leaves as it passes from our sight. Let us earnestly strive to think the kind thoughts, and we surely will speak the good word—as enjoined in Mr. Nesbit's poem, which I here append:

THE GOOD WORD.

"If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise."—*The Epistles to the Philippians*, 4:8.

He has his faults; aye, faults that glare,
And weaknesses that work him ill—
And well he knows the faults are there
To test his store of strength and will.
But, hidden in his heart of hearts
Or maybe, shining forth above
Is his good trait. The censure smarts
And sears till he is overthrown.
Speak the good word.

Forsooth, because he is your friend
You may not claim the right to chide,
To flout and damn world without end
Those foibles that he fain would hide.
There must be something in the man
To echo to the words that lift—
If you may find no wiser plan
Then let the derelict go drift.
Speak the good word.

The pity is that when one peers
At minor faults with critic's eyes,
He blinds his judgment with his jeers,
And oft his vision magnifies.
There is some good. But look as well
For it as you do for the bad,
And praise it! Thus you work a spell
That no deep mystic ever had.
Speak the good word.

Speak the good word—the word that gives
The newer impulse and the hope;
The word that helps, and grows, and lives—
A light to them that blindly grope
Through all the darkness of despair.
They know their faults and know them well:
Of censurings they have their share—
The kind words are the ones that tell.
Speak the good word.

Billy's Vacation

(*Billy is the horse belonging to the San Antonio Humane Society.*)

Tired? Are you tired, Billy?
Well surely you've earned a rest,
And I know of a place where meadows
In tenderest greens are dressed;
Where fields of dewy clover
Reach out to meet the sky,
And there tomorrow early
We're going, you and I.

Billy, the humane worker;
All that a horse could do
He'd done with a tireless patience,
Faithful, tried and true.
Out on the errands of mercy
I'd driven him night and day.
And now he was old and tired,
A duty before me lay.

I took him where cool grasses
By his tired feet were pressed,
And left him knee deep in clover;
Now surely his heart could rest!
Not so, for he pined and sickened,
Refusing to eat, they said,
And stood there limp and listless
With weary, drooping head.

I brought him back to the city
And did he his duty shirk?
Why he pranced like a colt in harness,
So proud to be back at work!
And so in our Band of Mercy,
Where workers are never few,
We number our comrade Billy
The truest among the true.

—*Amy Pearl Cozby, San Antonio, Tex.*

Loafers

The loafing habit is a menace to the boys of both country and city. Every wise mother must be on her guard against it for her sons. The grocery store furnishes only too easy a lure for village boys, and hundreds of idlers frequent the public squares of the great cities.

There is no accounting for the seeming leisure of the army of grown-up loafers. Most of them are able-bodied, although some are anæmic or badly nourished. But the sad truth probably is that a doting mother began the useless career of each of them, and that a hard-working wife continues the indulgence.

It is not easy for a mother to invent occupations for her little son. The daughter may early be taught the use of the broom, duster and needle. Then the doll is an unfailing and exacting task mistress. She always needs new clothes. But work for the boyish hands and feet is less abundant. The coal-hod supplanted the wood-pile. In the end the boy sees through the device of trumped-up work, and runs away from it.

Happy is the mother who discovers in her boys some taste or talent. The passion of the carpenter for tools, of the draftsman for pencil and paper, or the gardener for growing things ought to be hailed as a safeguard against the loafing disease. If no occupation of the usual boyish sort can be contrived, the boy may better be put to bread-making or sweeping than given over to idleness. There is scarcely a boy to whom a paint-pot and brushes will not appeal, and fence and blinds and steps will bear fresh coats of paint at frequent intervals.

Every device is worth considering if it will erect one new barrier against the loafer's habit—the destroyer of every manly virtue, from industry to self-respect.—*Youth's Companion.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE FREE THINKERS' MONUMENT TO SERVETUS.—The very mild and moderate circular addressed to English-speaking friends by the "expiatory monument" committee of Geneva, giving their views of the new Servetus monument project, was too tardily issued it would seem, to materially affect the result. It appears from the latest Geneva papers that the new project launched by Mr. Dide, formerly French senator and an ex-pastor, has found its support among the free-thinkers, including a certain number in Geneva and other parts of Switzerland, and the matter has gone so far that application for a location for the "statue" has already been made to the city authorities. The movement, coming at a time so particularly inopportune, has roused a very natural feeling of protest and resentment, which is finding emphatic expression in the public press. The *Journal de Genève* comments on this request as follows:

"A group of foreign free-thinkers in our city has formed a project for erecting somewhere in Geneva a statue to Michael Servetus. They have found the money, they have found the statue, and what is more, they have found, after months of active propaganda, a certain number of supporters in Geneva and elsewhere in the Confederation, among the adherents of free thought.

"Michael Servetus already has an expiatory monument in this city of Geneva, where Calvin has as yet no monument. On the block of granite erected at the Champel cross roads, the 'respectful and grateful sons of the great Reformer condemned the error which was that of his century.' That ought to suffice. Another monument to the Spanish theologian can have no other object than to offer an indignity to the memory of Calvin and an insult to the past of our city, whose government it was, and not Calvin, that condemned Servetus."

Why, this editorial goes on to inquire, are these free-thinkers so concerned about the memory of Servetus? He was none of theirs. He was not an atheist, he was a believer and called himself a Christian. As for their concern to avenge him as a martyr, the insincerity and impertinence of such a plea on the part of a group of foreigners is scathingly pointed out by references to such episodes in French history as the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the dragonades, the wholesale slaughter of the French revolution and the still more recent excesses of the Commune; these not a matter of three centuries and a half ago but coming down even to the old age of Victor Hugo. Over all these innocent victims these Frenchmen are not disturbed; it is Geneva only that scandalizes them, it is at her they would point the finger, and it is for her offence that they, outsiders, assume to make reparation! And this is done not to honor Servetus, but to dishonor Calvin and through him to discredit religion and the church. But few will be deceived by the pretence.

In less excited but no less unmistakable fashion the *Signal de Genève*, commenting on the request for a site for a bronze bust of Servetus, notes the utter absence of any really appreciative word or estimate of Servetus either as Christian or as scholar in the committee's communication. Recalling briefly the *Signal's* many articles on behalf of Servetus, in 1902 and 1903, leading up to and culminating in the erection of the "expiatory monument" on the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his martyrdom, it remarks that this by no means exhausts the possibilities of tribute to the great Spaniard's Christian fortitude and sublime loyalty to his convictions, nor to the genius and many-sided prevision of the scholar. Again it suggests, as it has before, that a fitting tribute, still unpaid, would be found in an objective and scrupulously scientific study of the man and his works and particularly in a popular translation of his *Restitutio Christianismi*. For the rest, says the writer, when there is really a sincere desire to honor Servetus by a statue, as is quite natural, the least one can do is to show that one really knows him and is not merely making use of his face and name for an anti-religious demonstration utterly out of harmony with his views and with the nobility of his character. Let such a committee appear in Geneva and it will not fail to find supporters among citizens of every class.

M. E. H.

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